

E111

Poetry Assignment

For this assignment, some time to think about your **most favorite thing in the world to eat**. Think about how it tastes, how it looks, how it smells. Think how you would describe it to someone who would never had it before and how you would convince that person to try it. Make that food come to life...in poetry.

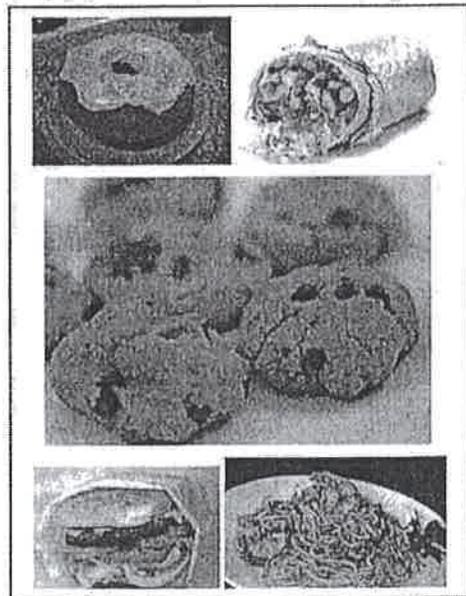
Assignment:

1. Write a **MINIMUM 16 LINE POEM (with AT LEAST 5 words per line)** about your favorite food.
  - a. Think about your senses - make the food come to life!
  - b. Think about your food as a character - where does it come from? What does it mean to you? Why would anyone else want to eat it?
2. Use **DICTION** in your poem to help convey your tone. **DO NOT WRITE "I love burritos"**. The diction should make that clear. Avoid using words like good or yummy. Your audience should know how you feel about your food simply from your words.
3. Use **IMAGERY** in your poem: appeal to the senses as much as possible.
4. Your poem may rhyme but it doesn't have to.
5. **TYPE YOUR POEM** on a separate sheet of paper.
6. Be prepared to share your poem in class Tuesday, January 17.

For inspiration, here is a poem about butter:

"Butter" by Elizabeth Alexander

My mother loves butter more than I do,  
more than anyone. She pulls chunks off  
the stick and eats it plain, explaining  
cream spun around into butter! Growing up  
we ate turkey cutlets sautéed in lemon  
and butter, butter and cheese on green noodles,  
butter melting in small pools in the hearts  
of Yorkshire puddings, butter better  
than gravy staining white rice yellow,  
butter glazing corn in slipping squares,  
butter the lava in white volcanoes  
of hominy grits, butter softening  
in a white bowl to be creamed with white  
sugar, butter disappearing into  
whipped sweet potatoes, with pineapple,  
butter melted and curdy to pour  
over pancakes, butter licked off the plate  
with warm Alaga syrup. When I picture  
the good old days I am grinning greasy  
with my brother, having watched the tiger  
chase his tail and turn to butter. We are  
Mumbo and Jumbo's children despite  
historical revision, despite  
our parent's efforts, glowing from the inside  
out, one hundred megawatts of butter.



Alexander, Elizabeth. "Butter." *Poemhunter.com*. Web. 7 Jan. 2015.

<<http://www.poemhunter.com/poems/food/>>.